Patriotic Pageant

presented by the

DICKEY COUNTY SCHOOLS



on the campus of the

STATE NORMAL AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

June 7, 1918

THE BOOK OF THE

Patriotic Pageant

WRITTEN IN COLLABORATION BY
ELEVEN DICKEY COUNTY
PEOPLE



"War is the efficiency of unneighborliness. Community Drama seeks the efficiency of neighborliness. . . . . Community Drama is nothing else than the technique of neighborliness---the art, par excellence, of resolving the estrangement and conflict of social elements into harmony."

—*Percy MacKaye*

To the
Dickey County Lads
in Khaki

Boys of Dakota

Boys of Dakota--prairie lads!
Fresh from the unfenced Plain of the West,
Heritors tall of pioneer toil,
Soldiers now of Liberty!
Waiting in cantonments and camps,
Or fighting already over seas—
Fighting in Flanders over the seas—
Boys of Dakota, our prairie lads!

Here the fresh smell of spring
Is everywhere spread, in the untrammeled ways of [the wind,
O'er the new planted fields thrills the prairie lark's [song,
And the lifeless pelt of the unbroken plain
Is blooming again with pasque flowers blue;
By night, now the wild geese trumpeting high
Are homing, homing still to the north—
While you, in cantonments and camps,
Or away in Flanders, over the seas,
Are defending our birthdom of Liberty--
Boys of Dakota, our prairie lads!

(F. H. KOCH, University of North Dakota.)

"The Patriotic Pageant" has been written in collaboration by eleven Dickey County people.

Foreword: The verse, much of the music and dance have been written expressly for the pageant. The Pageant is in five parts. The Prolog and the First Part deal with early American history, and symbolize the coming of the first American discoverers and pioneers. The Second Part typifies the early struggles of colonials days; the Third Part symbolizes the formation of the union of the states. The Fourth Part relates to the present world crisis and the forces sharing in the struggle for world democracy. The Epilog prophesies the dawn of the New Era

The production of the pageant has involved the co-operation of groups of people in all parts of the county; as many as twelve different communities are represented in a single part. Through this co-operation a channel is afforded for the self-expression of common folk by means of verse, song and dance,---a self-expression which inspires finer fellowship and makes for greater social unity.

We are indebted to Mr. Jens Grondahl for the use of the words of his song, "America, My Country," to Professor F. H. Koch for the poem, "Boys of Dakota," to President R. M. Black of the Normal and Industrial School and to Superintendent F. B. Harrington for their generous co-operation in the production of the pageant. We extend appreciation to those who have given freely of time and effort in composing verse, music and dance; and to those rural communities which have responded loyally to the call for community co-operation.

The Writers of the Pageant

The Pageant Text

Miss Gladys Talbott
Mrs. F. W. Leamer
Miss Dorothy Smith
Mrs. D. W. Crabtree
Mrs. H. E. Miller
Mr. Ed. A. Smith
Mr. A. G. Wilson
Mr. P. Edwards
Mr. G. W. Cooper
Miss Mattie L. Crabtree

The Music

Mr. A. G. Wilson
Mr. P. Edwards

The Dances

Miss Lulu Potts

Advisor

Prof. F. H. Koch, University of North Dakota

The Direction of the Pageant

The First Part

Miss Lulu Potts, Ellendale
Miss Ethel Cummings, Monango
Miss Cora Kabrud, Forbes
Miss Fern Crandall, Fullerton
Miss Edna Durkee, Merricourt
Miss Hazel Wilson, Merricourt

The Second Part

Miss Martha Kalbus, Albion District
Miss Elsie Kalbus, Albion District
Miss Lulu Austin, Kentner District
Mrs. Elby Svarry Griswold, Kenter District
Miss Olive Sullivan, Kent District

The Third Part

Miss Lulu Potts, Normal and Industrial School

The Fourth Part

Miss Nellie Howard, Guelph
Miss Florence Marsh, Ellendale
Mrs. Minnie Koehler, Wirch
Miss Harriet Caldwell, Monango
Mrs. Jessie Mitchell Hamil, Oakes
Mr. O. E. Anderson, Ellendale

Director of Music

Miss Marjorie Keck, Ellendale

Director of Dances

Miss Lulu Potts, Ellendale

Director of Costuming

Miss Jennie Harnsberger, Ellendale

Property Managers

Miss Dorothy Smith Miss Leona Newton Miss Caston Herbert

The Players of the Pageant

The Herald.....Donald Crabtree
The Spirit of the West.....Aida Miller
The Spirit of Freedom.....Anna Hermansen
Columbia.....Wiltrude Youker
Spirit of the Red Cross.....Agnes Leverty
Spirit of Faith.....Myrtle Ferree
Spirit of Hope.....Elizabeth Liddell
Spirit of Charity.....Elma Huffman
Spirit of Mercy.....Reva Smith
Spirit of Red Cross.....Gladys Talbott
Spirit of America.....Frances Root
Spirit of Red Cross.....Lillian Streeter
Spirit of Service.....Marion Newton

Music of the Pageant

Martha Kalbus
Irma Mizen
Ruth Haas
Edna Schmidt
Vera Griffith
Blanche Page
Lois Magoffin
Mrs. J. D. Root

The First Part

Spanish Girl.....Grace Davis
English Girl.....Inez Sullivan
French.....Delia Hafey, Leonard Reager
Carrie Callan, Earl Clarke

SPIRITS OF THE PLAINS

Agnes Burkhardt, Flora Benz, Beulah Peterson, Margaret Weir

ENGLISH IMMIGRANTS

Leader, Ethel Cummings. Clara Watros, Myrtle Faust, Laura Fogle, Myrtle Cartledge, Gwendolyn Edwards, Gladys Edwards, Thelma Terry, Belle Stevens, Blanche Oberman, Catherine Laughlin, Mae Nesbitt, Thelma Stevens, Fay Terry, Margaret Lindersmith, Florence Supry, Marjorie Hafey, Marie Terry, Blanche Luther, Sybil Solum, Gwyneth Luther, Floy Terry, Gladys Philbrick, Harriet Supry.

SCANDINAVIAN IMMIGRANTS

Leader, Cora Kabrud. Jennie Wright, Florence Moore, Genevieve Ladd, Mabel Hagerty, Gwendolyn Culver, Lela

Marshall, Helen Smith, Winnifred Moore, Agnes McConville, Winona Leet, Ruth Dalager, Sarah Handelman.

IRISH IMMIGRANTS

Leader, Fern Crandall. Anna Koester, Mabel Alin, Alice Alin, Ruth Arndt, Hilda Pecholke, Evelyn Johnson, Ruth Harne, Lucille Persinger, Gene Dickinson, Edna Hixon, Clara Chindberg, Alice Hixon.

SCOTCH IMMIGRANTS

Leader, Rose Coyle. Lucile Imer, Marie Coyle, Lillian Coyle, Edna Glen, Olive Nelson, Lena Jampolski, Matilda Bartunek, Anna Bartunek, Rose Bartunek.

The Second Part

RATTLESNAKE FLAG GROUP

Leader, Elsie Kalbus. Emma Zinter, Lydia Zinter, Marie Maack, Ida Maack, Anna Hoermann, Lena Hoermann, Rose Heine, Gertrude Tiegs, Helen Phelps, Marion Phelps, Dorothy Quinn, Lena Free.

CRESCENT FLAG GROUP

Leader, Elby Svarry Griswold. Norma Lee, Lois Lee, Hazel Osborne, Ruth Osborne, Vivian Wentzel, Leila Wentzel, Edna Jury, Emma Mattheis, Volla Shannon, Metta Waters, Helen Jury.

PINE TREE FLAG GROUP

Leader, Olive Sullivan. Bernice Main, Merl Main, Bertha Flamme, Gladys Flamme, Irene Flamme, Neva Main, Lewis Gustafson, Murral Gustafson, Robert Miller, Arthur Miller, Judith Smith, Ernest McFarland, Edith McFarland, Neva Berry, Clarence Berry, Maude Hatfield, Darwin Hatfield, George Hatfield, Freda Higgs, Waldron Higgs.

The Third Part

Flora Benz, Agnes Burkhardt, Grace Davis, Alpha Ellison, Hazel Feathers, Theresia Grunfelder, Delia Hafey, Edith Jeffers, Lucy Kartes, Mabel Knox, Nina Martinson, Esther Meier, Lela Mount, Esther Noess, Laura Tjostem, Beulah Peterson, Freeda Simmons, Carrie Walz, Margaret Weir, Ruth Weir, Gladys Zieman, Gertrude Zieman, Esther Blomquist, Gladys Dawe, Vera Finch, Esther Hogana, Mildred Peterson, Ruth Putnam, Mamie Saari, Alpha Stine, Emily Callan, Bessie Coleman, Mabel

McCully, Ruth De La Hunt, Thelma King, Hazel Anderson, Carrie Callan, Ethel Clarke, Ethel Knox, Ada Peterson, Beulah Williams, Doris Dinnetz, Winifred Brown, Mary Elliot, Maude George, Helen Noess, Ella Roberts, Alice Rose.

The Fourth Part

BELGIANS AND POLISH

Anna Dennison, Wava Wagner, Wanda Wagner, Clara Sitts, Vera Sitts, Opal Way, Pauline Maddock, Myrtle Myers.

BOYS AND GIRLS CLUBS

Alois Erdelt, Myrel Hall, Henrietta Thompson, Lloyd McMaster, Florence Leamer, Bethel Hill, Myrtle Mueller, Roy Pierce, Grace Pierce, Robert Hanna, Frank McMaster, Pearl Hall, Blanche Hanna, Hazel Hill, Raymond Hill, Margaret Klein, Carl Klein, Peter Mueller, Bernice Hill.

JUNIOR RED CROSS

Rachel Mallach, Ruth Mallach, Marie Koehler, Rosalie Weist, Katie Bader, Lydia Lemke, Elsie Wirch, Ruth Wirch, Bertha Lemke, Salome Lemke, Mary Brandenburger, Lydia Martin, Katherine Weist.

CAMP FIRE GIRLS

Alice Cannon, Florence Root, Frances Root, Kathryn Guy, Margaret Liddell, Hazel McIntyre, Olive Singleton, Daisy Knox, Frances Freeman, Ruth Huffman, Inez Kallestad, Cora Fuller, Ella Hunter, Dorothy Ireland, Marion Newton, Lillian Streeter, Mae Nesbit, Lois Magoffin, Thelma Terry, Fay Terry, Thelma Stevens, Gladys Edwards, Gwendolyn Edwards, Catherine Laughlin, Myrtle Faust.

ENGLISH, FRENCH AND AMERICAN SOLDIERS

Victor Young, Cecil Snow, Carl Dildine, William Fields, Harold Hubbard, Charles Haas, Fred Jeska, Chris Newman, Lysle Wahl, Daniel Schneck, Wendell Black, Max Brown, Donald Cassels, Robert Dean, Max Dickey, Charles Dillingham, Otto Gerling, Ruskin Porter, Alton Shawhan, Theodore Schneck, Lawrence Schulstad, Raymond Brown, Elwin Crandall, Clark Fuller, Allison Haskins, Eugene Lawler, Teddy Sullivan, Ralph Townsend, Herbert Brown, Kenneth Brown, Robert Cassels, Roger Jones, Donald Wentzel.

CHORUS

Lillian Babcock, Dorothy Beggs, Dorothy Bowler, Ruth Brown, Alice Callan, Muriel Crabtree, Inez Gish, Edith Haas, Frances Hathaway, Amelia Herrman, Iona Hubbard, Inez Joseph, Thelma Judd, Grace Lynde, Isabel Schandelmeier, Helen Smith, Bernice Bishop, Fay Crandall, Lucile Dockery, Lois Fuller, Mildred House, Mary Kosel, Alice Kirschner, Elizabeth Miller, Bessie Minard, Elsie Rittmiller, Florence Saunders, Mabel Babcock, Gena Benson, Ruth Schulstad.

A Patriotic Pageant

[The Pageant is announced by three trumpet calls of the Herald]

The Prologue

[SPIRIT OF THE WEST:]

Bear with us, kind listeners,
And we will bring to you,
Heroic deeds of strong, brave men,
We'll pay them homage due;
For liberty they've brought to us
In our wide western land,
The crucible where impetus
For a nation's hearth-fires are fanned
By strength from world-wide nations,
Whose sons and daughters stand
United by the bond of Faith;
And each from the other demands
The Old World's past be in the East,
The West, the future holds.

Westward, Brittania turned her watchful eyes,
And having set her hand sailed grimly West.
Before the tireless pilot mental images rise;
Beyond the line where blue waves touch the skies
Success shall crown the quest.
Sea gulls--a white winged convoy,--urge them on
With shrill encouragement and dauntless aim.
Onward white wings and whiter sails anon
As tho their mission were the same,
On to the western game!
Like mother eagle England spreads her wings
And, hovered neath them, naught ever roams.
Prosperity, content, the future brings,
More lands, more herds, more flocks, more homes.
United firm, Brittania and Columbia stand
And thru unnumbered years shall walk hand in hand.

[Old English Dance]

To pleasure loving Spain filled with unrest
From war's outrages, looking hence for weal,

The western line became a bright behest.
Sent by their queen from Old Castile
Courageous senores nothing could retain
When bent on conquest, pelf and ill-begotten gain;
An iron-handed guide holds to the helm
No mountains, men or waves will he endure;
He sails to overcome, whate'er the price,
The New World shall be Spain's that he'll ensure.
His weapons, slavery, prison, death and vise
None should resist a Spaniard twice.
Lives there one isle in those warm, western seas,
Born, nature to enhance with flowers and perfume-
[laden breeze
Unwounded by a Spanish lance?

[Old Spanish Dance]

Centuries now have passed
Since our dear ally, France,
Turned toward the West
Sailed o'er unfathomed deeps,
Scaled o'er unmeasured steeps,
Began her quest.
Oh! all alluring West,
Oh! love of brave conquest,
Strange forms to quell!
Duties they found were there,
Hardships and tasks to share,
Dark superstitions where
Friendships repel.
Brave hearts to rude homes came
Bringing the Shepard's name
And brotherhood.
By acts of kindness taught,
By patient striving wrought,
In darkest places sought
For what was good.
France e'er has proved a friend,
Naught can this trio end,
Brittania,
Columbia,
France,
World without end.

[Old French Dance]

The First Part
The Coming of the Nations

[Enter the Spirits of the Plains who dance a symbolic dance before the Spirit of the West.]

Westward we sail!
To the virgin land of the west!
To the pristine light of her hills!
To the boundless stretch of her vales!
To the amber calm of her skies!
Onward! Westward!
Westward we sail!

[Enter English Immigrants.]

A memory keen of low black land,
Of blue gray sea and scented sand,
Of sea-dank breeze against the brow,
Of dawn's first gleam upon the prow,
Of gleaming sails so brave unfurled,
Of long farewells, of brave farewells,
To England old, our last farewells.

[Leader addresses Spirit of the West:]

Mighty the Spirit
That urged us westward,
Strengthened our footsteps
And led us onward!
Great the Power
That beckoned us ever,
Onward! Westward!

[English Immigrants dance folk-dance "Sellingers Round"]

[Enter Scandinavian Immigrants.]

We long for Scandia's purple hills,
For mountain winds and winding rills,
For ridges white with sheeted spray,
For gleaming light of Midnight Day;
Our wilful memories ever stray
To long farewells, to brave farewells,
To Scandia fair, our last farewells.

[Leader addresses Spirit of the West:]

Led by the Spirit
That urges us westward,
Struggling on through toil and strife,
Here we shall find our Own Heart's Home,
Here we shall build our House of Life.

[Scandinavian Immigrants dance "Norwegian Mountain March"]

[Enter Irish Immigrants]

We left behind old Ireland's shores,
And all the lovely woodland furze
That glimmers into green and gold;
We left the dewy meadows green,
Old homes, old fires were dimly seen
In long farewells, in brave farewells,
To Ireland old our last farewells.

[Leader addresses Spirit of the West:]

The spirit brave of westward pioneer
Most loyal, greets with firm clasped hand,
Looks in our eyes, and tells us not to fear,
But walk with him this friendly land.

[Irish Immigrants dance "Irish Lilt"]

[Enter Scotch Immigrants.]

O'er scenes of Scotia memory wakes,
Of sheltered cots, of woodland brakes,
Of highlands sun-kissed purple pride,
Of braes and burns, of dells of dew,
Of laddies strong and lassies true,
Of long farewells, of brave farewells,
To Scotia dear, our last farewells.

[Scotch Immigrants dance "Scotch Harvester."]

[Spirit of the West speaks:]

Welcome to America!
Of such as we have wrought from the virgin land,
In the few years we have walked with Human
[Liberty
For a guide, come take your share;
And in taking repay with whate'er you bring;
Your industry, skill, your frugal ways;

Your faith, hope and honor pledged;
And what we've built in Freedom's name
We'll share with you.
We give this land to you,
And bid you welcome here to dwell.
But the price we ask! Aye, that's the test;
Mark well the pledge you give.
We ask no bond or glittering gold,
But ask your life while you shall live.
For Freedom's debt can ne'er be paid,
While Freeman with Freeman dwell.
A Freeman is ever a Freeman's slave,
And a Freeman's master as well.
Here all are equal before the law;
Here all may rise to fame;
And each one's share in fortune be
How well each plays the game.
Here our servants rule and our rulers serve;
The laws we make are our only king!
'Tis not a final goal we've reached;
'Tis not a perfected system wrought;
'Tis no Elysian field of rest, where
Further efforts stop.
'Tis a place to toil and toil in peace,
But toil with sure reward.
From each as his strength is, to give;
To each as may be his need to share;
And this, this is Liberty!

Interlude

Hail! Bright Abode!

The Second Part
Old Colony Days

[Spirit of the West:]

Hark! Tis the tread of thousands,
Upon the western wind!
List! Tis the call of ages,
Of spirits unconfined!
They come from field and hamlet,
They come from mountain glade
Face musket shot and volley,
Till tyrant's power is stayed.

[Enter group bearing Rattlesnake Flag.]

(The Rattlesnake Flag with thirteen rattles for the thirteen colonies was a design which was used on many flags during the colonial period. Colonel Christopher Gadsen of South Carolina had a yellow silk flag made with a huge rattlesnake coiled upon it, with its head lifted ready to strike; under it were the words: "Don't tread on me!" This flag was presented to the Commander-in-chief of the Navy.)

Cannon shot, death shot, volley on volley,
'Round the Rattlesnake Flag how they rally!
Cannonade, fusillade, surging and swaying,
Shouting and cheering, moaning and praying.
Loudly our host cheers:
We rally to the flag!
The Flag of the Free!
Old Rattlesnake's motto,
"Don't tread on me!"

[Rattlesnake Flag Drill presented by group.]

[Enter group bearing Crescent Flags.]

(The Crescent Flag was first used in the South. It was designed by Colonel William Moultrie. "As there was no national flag at that time," said Colonel Moultrie, 'I was desired by the Council of Safety to have one made, upon which, as the state troops were clothed in blue and the fort garrisoned by the First and Second regiments, who wore silver crescents on the front of their caps, I had a large blue flag made, with a crescent in the dexter corner, to be uniform with the troops.")

Banner of Southland, flag of the freeman,
Emblem of freedom on high,
Proud with the pride of the gay Cavaliers,
Ringing loud their battle cry!

Never with statlier glory was banner more brave
[reared on high,
Sable smoke of the rampart flaunting the blue of the
[sky!
Lifting thy crescent in conquest, urging to struggle
[anew!
Ah! Ever aloft in the thickest fight the banner of
[Southland blew!

[Crescent Flag Drill presented by group.]

[Enter group bearing Pine Tree Flags.]

(Colonel Joseph Reed, Washington's military secretary, suggested that the pine tree be used on a flag designed for the navy. He wrote to Washington: "Please fix on some particular color for a flag, and a signal by which our vessels may know one another. What do you think of a flag with a white ground, a pine tree in the middle, the motto 'An Appeal to Heaven'? This is the flag of the floating batteries." For some time this flag was used by the navy, altho different designs were combined with this symbol of the pine tree.)

Hail to the banner of sturdy New England,
Honored and blessed be the evergreen pine!
Fervent appeal to the God of the Nations,
Rousing New England to glad acclamations,
Flinging its heaven-lent grace,
Stirring the New World race,
Hail to the banner,---the Evergreen Pine!
[Pine Tree Flag drill presented by group.]

Interlude

Speed our Republic

The Third Part
The Making of the Nation

[Columbia:]

They left the Old World's shores, those Pilgrims brave,
For freedom of the mind dared wind and wave,
And perils midst fierce Indian tribes so strange.
They would not dwell where mind cannot be free, but
[servile bows beneath a despot's rod,
In this New World o'er the Atlantic Sea, they sought and
[found freedom to worship God.
From Scotia's fir-clad hills, from Scandia's mountain range,
From Holland's spreading lowlands, and to the Emerald
[Isle,
From England's vales and streams to scenes so new and
[strange
They came and tilled the soil, and made the desert smile.
What mighty hardships they endured! What conflicts with
[the savage horde
That roamed the plains, and fearing lest he lose his home,
[opposed their way!
Battling on in proud endeavor, bearing Westward, West-
[ward ever,
Cities rose where scattered wigwams stood. A vast mighty
[multitude
Toiling in the arts of peace hailed the dawning of a new
[and brighter day.

[Enter Thirteen Colonies. Leader speaks:]

Grown weary of the Hanovern
Tyrant on Briton's throne
Our colonies rebelled.
Still strong in the faith of King's divinity
From infancy taught,
They prayed for forgiveness, but still they fought
For man's humanity.
"God in his wisdom may anoint Kings,
Forgive us, Lord,
But the sacred oil on a tyrant's head
By himself was poured."

And they fought and won, that states might be free,
And Right their only king.
From these noble few a nation grew,
A nation grand and free,
Where a man's a man when he plays a man's part,
And Right's the only majesty.

[Addresses Columbia:]

First are we of Freedom's vanguard,
Columbia, we come to thee.
Bind us with thy bands of silver
In a Union of the Free;
Democracy and Independence,
These our watchwords e'er shall be.
Each for all and all for each
The slogan of our union be.
Let the beacons of our nation
Cast a light thruout the world,
Proclaim to all, our Sisterhood hath
Liberty's fair flag unfurled.

[Columbia:]

Strangers from every land have come to kindle here their
[hearth-stone fire,
And in this glorious western home, this new land of their
[heart's desire
Have reared their brood, have loved and found new life,
[contentment, joy and peace.
Sons of the soil now reap the golden harvest of the field by
[day;
Sons of the hoary sea the silver harvest of the sea at night;
Merchandise of many cities, fruits of many lands, along the
[steel highway
Are carried to the homes of men; mountains and mines yield
[up their treasures bright
To labor; lightnings do men's bidding, carrying his messages
[from distant place to place;
Binding hearts, minds, hands, in one grand thought and
[purpose, through dwellings sundered far by space.
But e'er they won their glorious heritage, they passed thru
[bloody strife and saw the battles rage;
Sons against fathers fought for independence dear; exper-
[ienced wisdom wrought a constitution clear

To guarantee to all men, peace, justice, liberty,
Protection while they wrought again in brotherhood pros-
[perity.
Brothers by brothers were slain, the bond uniting them was
[tested for its strength
By fire, and when the slave was loosed, the firmness of their
[Union tried at length
The conflict ceased. From out the smoke of battle there
[emerged a nation glorified,
Ever henceforth to be champions of the oppressed, guardians
[of Liberty,
Home of the weary people, proud leaders of a world dem-
[ocracy.

[Enter States of the Civil War period.]

From East to West, over mountain and plain,
The land of freedom spread;
From sea to sea, and to foreign shores,
Liberty followed where patriots led.
From the slaves of the south the shackles were loosed,
In a war that tried men's souls;
But the Nation still lived, united and true,
Respected and honored by the world.

[Addresses Columbia:]

Triumphant, we've emerged,
From the seething hell of war,
By the fiery blast of conflict
Of selfish thoughts been purged.
We ask again the blessing
From Columbia's fair hands
That the same dear flag of freedom
May float o'er all the land.
For in this bitter struggle
The truth was shown to all;
United we may stand,
Divided we must fall.
And that our land may prosper
Our nation be far-famed,
Let our quarrel be forgotten,
But its lesson be retained.

[Enter remaining States of the Union.]

We are the last of that fair band

The stars and stripes have bound
Into a sacred sisterhood
Of world famous renown.
We come, with treasure laden,
Fair gifts of mine and soil,
Brave sons and fair, strong daughters,
Who for the nation toil.
We seek the shield of Union
Old Glory's shining stars,
The right to die in battle
For her white and crimson bars.
We want one flag to fly thruout
Our country's breadth and length,
From coast to coast, from sea to sea,
In union there is strength.

But Kings, to whom Might
Is the only known Right,
Still threaten to rule the earth,
To break freedom down
For the sake of the crown,
They have loosed the dogs of war.
When the fiends of the East
Meet the Freemen of the West
On Belgium's broken land,
The war must go on
Until victory is won,
And the world with Liberty blest.

[Flag drill at conclusion of which States group in formation representing the National Seal of State.]

[Columbia:]

Behold in that old world from whence our fathers came we
[see a nation crucified,
Once more to thrones doth vile ambition wade thru blood, and
[shut the gate of mercy on mankind.
The very stones of Flanders, the trees of its Northern wood,
[call men to leave all ease and sloth behind
To succor those now wrestling with the haughty spirit of
[Autocracy
Whose legions are unloosed in ruthless murderous might
[against the race

Of freemen, which in arts of peace keep burning on the
[nation's altar, fires of liberty;
And ruling baser passions, conquering self, build up the
[brotherhood of man in truth and grace.
The nations hear the call to arms, and every true free man,
Slav, Latin, Saxon, Briton, Scot of every class and clan,
The dark skinned men of India, the Redmen of the plain,
The man from far Australia's tide, answers the call again.
Brave hearts flame out to drive this dragon far into the
[nether world;
Soon will the mill-stone of God's wrath upon its head be
[hurled.
Columbia's valiant sons are rising to make an end of war
And drag this monster bound in chains before God's judgment
[bar.
Up from each low-lying valley, down from every mountain
[crest,
From Yukon's spectral "Northern Lights" to the silver
[washed Key West,
From the Golden Gate of Frisco to Boston's Harbour Bar,
Sons of freedom swarming, answer to the loud tocsin of war.

[Chorus]

America! Fair land of progress now we see,
Girt by the ocean,---home of liberty!
The world to thee looks aye for succor in its need;
Cradled in plenty is thy lot indeed.
Then lavish on the nations of thy bounty rare
The treasures which thy generous heart can share;
And in thy morals ever shine along the way
Like the fair sun who rules the gladd'ning day!

The Fourth Part
The New Day

[Enter Immigrants and Colonists led by Spirit of the West.]

[Chorus by Belgians and Polish.]

Spirit of Freedom! Behold in us a race
Downtrodden by a ruthless foe;
Seeking in progress but a rightful place,
And fruits of happiness to know.
We greet thee in a trembling voice of tears,
From out our hills and dales we roam;
And this, our song, shall echo thru the years---
A nation without hope and home.

[Interpretive Dance, Kujawiak.]

(This dance represents the history of the Polish people. The interpretation begins at the time when the Polish people were free and happy. The mazurka is the step used, typifying vigor and optimism. Then comes the oppressor. At first the people are confused and cannot understand it all, but as the realization of their condition comes to them, their despair grows until they are entirely crushed. But breaking thru this sounds the strains of the music of hope, and the dance ends in the glow of the breaking of the new day for Poland.)

[Spirit of Freedom:]

You have chanted the east and sung of the west,
But pulsing deep in each human breast
Is the life throb of liberty's love,
Implanted freedom and faith from above.
My ideals today are writ in the sky,
And will be discerned when no battlesmoke's nigh!
Then a shout of great joy 'round the world shall ring,
As free hearts and free nations in Liberty sing.
Awake, then, my helpers! And give listening ear!
'Tis the hope of the world that now draweth near!
They're coming!---the clean and the brave and the
[true,
E'en filled with our spirit, yea, thru and thru.
Their thoughts I have read in by vision this day,
Now head, hearts and hands on my altar they lay;
This service so nobly and gladly now given

Calls on their young lives the blessing of Heaven.

[Spirit of Red Cross bearing Red Cross shield.]

This is the emblem from Calvary's hill
Of the Saviour's sacrifice---glorious still;
The red is for blood that was shed out of love,
Whose source is the heart of the Father above.
Straight-lined it stands, one thought but to show---
True service to others, till nations shall know
The lesson that lifts all into accord,
As taught and as lived by our Saviour and Lord.

[Spirit of Faith bearing anchor.]

Where fire or flood have left a path
Of awful devastation,
Or the terrible God of War
Has crucified a nation;
Like an angel of salvation,
The Red-Cross vanguard comes,
And my torch is lighted again
In the hearts of sorrowing ones.
I brighten the eyes of the dying
With joy of eternity,
And I lighten the load of the living
With faith in what is to be;
And while the cross of scarlet
From a field of snow shall shine,
It shall symbolize to the world
A faith and love divine.

[Spirit of Hope bearing torch and palms.]

I am Hope ,and ah! surely
Was war never fought without me!
I live in the hearts of the soldiers
Who struggle for liberty;
I keep in the hearts of mothers
A courage high and strong,
And I form the prayer that is whispered
By the ones who wait at home.
I lie in the heart of the nation,
While the battle rages fierce;
I cheer the struggle onward;
I keep the home fires bright;
And they're buoyed up by my anchor

Who fight for God and Right.

[Spirit of Charity bearing vial.]

Into homes where disease runs riot,
Where children moan for bread,
Where flood and fire have had their way
I follow the cross of red;
Bringing food for the famished,
A shelter for homeless heads,
And cheer to those who seek their loved
In the ranks of unknown dead.
I come to the soldiers in battle
Bringing them food and wear,
With a message of courage to strengthen
For the hardships they must bear.
I'm the Red Cross Sisterhood;
My name is Charity,
And under the Red Cross Banner
I work for humanity.

[Spirit of Mercy bearing gifts:]

I am the white sister, Mercy,
Than I are none more brave;
My heart is tender and pitiful,
My hands are strong to save.
Down in the horror of battle,
'Mong the dead and dying and lost
I go with my mission of healing;
My shield but the crimson cross.
Into flood and fire and famine
I come with soothing voice,
To lave the brow of the suffering,
And make sad hearts rejoice.
Most blessed of God's gifts to man,
My mission is divine;
And shall keep the world while the scarlet cross
From a snow white field shall shine.

[Spirit of the Red Cross bearing Red Cross Banner:]

Where e'er the Red Cross Banner flies
On broken battlefield,
Or fire or flood or famine
Or pestilence abound,

Sweet Mercy comes with healing hands
To sooth the suffering;
Charity moves on eager feet
Her choicest fruits to bring;
The torch of faith, rekindled, glows
Once more in tortured breasts;
Hope smiles again in tired hearts
That on her anchor rest;
And while the Red Cross emblem
The world shall know and see,
'Twill be a symbol of courage
And help to Humanity.

[Enter Boys and Girls Clubs with song:]

Here we are with our rakes and hoes,
Our spades and sprinkling cans;
We're willing to do what everyone knows
If some one will help make the plans.

We've helped our fathers to plow and sow,
And the grain we'll help to bring in;
But now we into the garden go
To help this great war to win.

Here we are with our spoons and bowls
Our kettles and empty cans,
We're learning to make good bread and rolls
And preserving's the next on our plans.

We're learning to sew and we're learning to knit
And helping our mothers each day;
Each one of us is willing to do "just our bit"
To help win the war while we may.

We are the Boys and Girls Clubs, you see,
Americans thru and thru;
We are helping to fight for world liberty,
And we'll stand by the "Red, White and Blue."

So we'll spade and we'll hoe and we'll knit
[and we'll sew
And we'll do everything we know how
To help our brave soldiers who're facing the foe
And fighting our battles right now.

[Enter Junior Red Cross with song:]

Knitting, knitting every day
Not spending our time in play;
Helping to keep our soldiers warm
And save them from the storm.

Sewing, sewing a little bit
To make a comfort kit,
Anything that helps our boys
Derived of home-cheer and its joys.

The Junior Red Cross we are
Helping boys who've gone afar
Doing each just what we can
To bring good cheer to every man.

[Camp Fire Girls with song:]

Far sent summons echo
Trumpeted by time,
Challenging to service
Service most sublime.
'Tis the call of nations
From the conflict's fray;
Soon will dark night vanish,
Soon will come the day.
Loud the summons echo,
Gladly we obey;
To our nation glorious
We will pledge our service;
To our nation wondrous,
Our America!

[Spirit of Service:]

Service---my emblem--- Child of Old Glory,
Blue is the star on thy fair field of white;
Thy border red as the battlefield gory
Where for sweet freedom, our brave soldiers fight;
Sons of true patriots---brave ones of old,
Who bled for Old Glory! God hasten the day
When each one for service shall answer when called,
"America, my country! Command; I obey."

Service---my emblem---Child of Old Glory
Two flags we love, yea, whose infinite worth

Sends gallant men to strengthen the story
Of deeds that in heroes' great hearts have their birth.
Workers of Red Cross, and Triangle's charm
Feel thy great call, and each thrilled in his way
Serves thee and says, quite unheeding of harm,---
"America! my country! Command; I obey!"
[Service Flag and Y. M. C. A. Triangle are unfurled.]

[Spirit of Red Cross:]

Glorious flag! Beneath thee here we stand in awe,
Naught but love is mingled in thy gorgeous dyes!
All honor, praise and service to this emblem owe;
Long may it float---seen by the million's eyes.
Merciful flag! Thy bars of holy rood
Extend across the sea, binding with love
The nations, who, oppressed, ev'n shed their blood
For Freedom---like the Christ who reigns above.
[Red Cross banner unfurled.]

[Spirit of America:]

*America, my country, I come at thy call,
I plight thee my troth and I give thee my all;
In peace or in war I am wed to thy weal---
I'll carry thy flag thru the fires and the steel.
Unsullied it floats o'er a peace loving race,
On sea nor on land shall it suffer disgrace;
In reverence I kneel at sweet liberty's shrine;
America! my county, command; I am thine!

America, my country, brave souls gave thee birth,
They yearned for a haven of freedom on earth;
And when thy proud flag to the winds was unfurled
There came to thy shores the oppressed of the world.
Thy milk and they honey flow freely for all;
Who takes of thy bounty shall come at thy call;
Who quaffs of thy nectar of freedom shall say:
"America, my county, command; I obey."

America, my country, thy flag I adore;
It glories in peace but it fears not in war.
When tyrants would trample its folds in the dust,
Old Glory, undaunted, is true to its trust;
It's stars ever twinkle from liberty's dome,
A message of hope to mankind thru the gloom;

And children of men bless the Red, White and Blue,
America, my country, the tried and the true.

America, my county, now come is thy hour.
The Lord of Hosts counts on thy courage and power;
Humanity pleads for the strength of thy hand,
Lest liberty perish on sea and on land.
Thou guardian of freedom, thou keeper of right,
When liberty bleeds we may trust in thy might;
Divine right of kings or our freedom must fall;
America, my country, I come at thy call.

(*"America, My Country," with permission of Daily Republican, Red Wing, Minn.)

[All sing:]

America, my country, I answer thy call,
That freedom may live and that tyrants may fall;
I owe thee my all, and my all will I give---
I do and I die that America may live.

[Enter English Soldiers (Rule, Brittania)]

[Enter French Soldiers (Marseillaise)]

[Enter American Soldiers (Star Spangled Banner)]

Epilogue

In me, I beg of you revere the prophet, and give ear
Attentive to my words; for clearly as the ancient seer
Saw New Jerusalem descending from the clouds, to me is
[given
The vision of the future world, filled with the light of heaven;
With music's myriad voices thrilled; adorned with every
[form of art;
Where man at peace with man destroys the sword; and in his
[heart
Bears naught but love, which finds expression in glad service,
[free.
No slaves shall be on earth; no exiles sigh; no prisoners
[mourn;
No land shall be the prey of greedy gain; or conquered be
By tyrants with the lust of empire, using men as tools. In
[that glad morn
Labor shall reap its full reward, and idleness shall perish
[from the earth.

The land shall yield its increase; deserts blossom like the
[rose; no dearth,
With threat of famine or of want, shall curse man's dwelling
[place.
All thrones shall crumble, and all kings be dust; man's chief
[authority be Right;
His motive, Love; his armor, Trust; and all his future bright.
No man shall bear a tarnished name; disease shall be con-
[quered every where;
Lips rich with words of love and truth with hearts aflame
[shall speak, and thoughts shall bear
Ripe fruit in noble deeds, performed with kingly grace.

But e'er that day shall dawn there are great tasks to do;
[perils to dare;
Great loads to lift; sorrows to assuage; anguish and suffer-
[ing to share.
As though God covered His bright face with a thick black
[veil of crepe,
The clouds of war have lowered, darkening the landscape,
The sea and sky; and filled the earth with horror and with
[dread.
Foul war is loosed, conceived in hatred, envy, passion, greed
[and cunning guile.
Death, that grim skeleton, gigantic figure muffled in military
[cloak,
Strides o'er the earth; a sword within his bloody fingers
[dripping red
With blood of murdered innocence. His fleshless face doth
[wear an unlipped smile;
His legions blindly fight to bring free men under a galling
[yoke
Of bondage, respecting not the feebleness of men with silvery
[hair,
The helplessness of infancy, nor the sacredness of virtue.
[everywhere
Their feet do tread, the spot is red with brother gore.
The song birds turn to vultures; happy homes where men
[did dwell,
Sweet peaceful scenes of rural beauty, or the busy hives of
[labor,

Ravaged, robbed, wrecked, by flame and shell, are turned into
[a raging hell.

Though greatly loved, we send our sturdy sons across the sea
To battle 'gainst the legions blindly fighting for autocracy;
To defend with might the cause of right, honor and liberty;
From pole to pole "to make the world safe for Democracy."
Tho sorrow comes to many hearts and homes, we will contin-
[ue till the day
Of God shall break, and o'er the earth sweet peace once more
[hold sway.
Because God is God, and Right is Right, we cannot doubt the
[end
Shall be crowned with victory bright. To sorrowing hearts
[let me commend
Word found on the body of a soldier brave
Who nobly fought, and nobly died, freedom to save:
"Ye that have faith to look with fearless eyes
Beyond the tragedy of a world at strife,
And know that out of death and night shall rise
The dawn of ampler life,
Rejoice, whatever anguish rent the heart,
That God has given you a priceless dower,
To live in these great times and have your part
In Freedom's crowning hour,
That ye may tell your sons who see the light
High in the Heavens---their heritage to take--
'I saw the Powers of Darkness put to flight,
I saw the morning break.' "

At the dawning of the morning of a fair summer day
The grey cloud breaks in pearly flakes, lit by the sun's bright
[ray;
Those broad cloud streaks o'er which the sunshine breaks,
[are a silver paven pathway for the feet of God;
The woodlands ring with song that gladdens as the gay birds
sing their matins, lifting up their morning anthem to the
[Lord;
The mountains lift their snow-capped peaks like great white
[altars to the sky,
And o'er the plains the sunshine breaks betokening the Lord
[is nigh.

The streamlet trips on silver sandals through the meadows
[sweet and fair
In the footsteps of the light, bright flowers spring every-
[where,
Filling all the air with streams of fragrance to which the
[angels come
To fill up their golden censers and take the incense home;
So upon my vision dawns the day of God, the cloud of war
That overspread the sun shall pass. And he who lately
[fought, once more
Shall guide the plough, and greatly labor in the arts of peace.
The time of war and blood shall be no more. Release
From war and from the fear of want; leisure to cultivate
[both heart and mind,
And brotherhood of men and nations growing strong shall
[bind
Land unto land, and distant sea to sea. And he who lately
[builded freedom's fires shall be
Thru all the world the foremost champion of Democracy.

This duty do I leave you, gentle friends,---this duty deep and
[mighty, e'er we part.
Mark well my words, great issues will depend on you, so
[grave them deeply on your heart.
This conflict o'er, the future will be ruled by love, and not by
[might
Of arms, or power of cunning mind; with hope the future
[shall be bright.
Therefore lift up your souls above the woes of life; lift up
[your hearts above the wrongs of strife;
In brotherhood of service you shall find new strength, new
[inspiration and calm peace for heart and mind,
And trusting God, facing the future unafraid, shall greet the
[dawn of ampler life for all mankind.

[The Pageant is concluded by the singing of "America" by audience and players]

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